

No, Really, Thousand Yard Stare

You had a growth in your right ear
And I had a murmuring heart
And all our healthy companions got a free ticket out
While the country they left fell apart
Now the only way over the ocean
Is in the belly of a camouflaged plane
And freedom is offered to the ones who enlist
Until only the prisoners remain

And we wouldn't be able to leave
Even if our passports hadn't expired
So we sit in our bedrooms and talk on our tapped phones
And know our apartment is wired
And the TV distracts us with light shows
Telling us everything's going as planned
But there's something awry out the corner of our eye
We can no longer comprehend

There's a chain from your hand to mine
And I can't let go of it, I can't let go of it
We were saved from the front lines
Got nothing to show for it, nothing to show for it

So we watch the receding horizon
'Til we develop a thousand yard stare
And with our old tape recorders we pretend to cross borders
And dream that we're breathing free air
But we can only imagine that landscape
Gaze at pictures now faded with age
The greatest country on earth was our prison since birth
Its shores an invulnerable cage

There's a chain from your hand to mine
And I can't let go of it, I can't let go of it
We were saved from the front lines
Got nothing to show for it, nothing to show for it

Burn it down, burn it down
There's nothing here I wanna save
Leave this town, leave this town
Before you're just another slave
Turn around, turn around
They're already digging our graves
In the ground, in the ground
We're too close now to turn away

There's a chain from your hand to mine
And I can't let go of it, I can't let go of it
We were saved from the front lines
Got nothing to show for it, nothing to show for it